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# THE SPY WHO NEVER WAS -- JONCLUSION

**CPYRGHT** 

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EDITOR'S NOTE - This is last installment in the amazing, exclusive account of the author's experiences at the hands of Communist agents. Miss Hammerstein was released on March 26, 1964, after serving 27 months in Russian and East German jails.)

## By Gabriele Hammerstein (as told to Peter Hahn)

NEW YORK (NANA)—I faced the judge of the East German "people's Court," and heard him pronounce my sentence for "espionage."

"In the name of the people of the German Democratic Republic, I hereby sentence you to six years of penal servitude."

The "heinous cnimes" I had committed against "socialist society," as the prosecutor had called them, had been that I had fooled the Russian secret into believing I was feeding them "secret documents" from U. S. intelligence files But the "documents" had been homemade fabrications.

I had been sentenced without legal counsel. I had not been allowed to see an American consular official. I didn't even know whether my family knew if I were still alive. After five months in Russian jails, I had been handed to the Germans for, sentencing. And their kangaroo court had done its work.

Now that you are a convicted spy, why don't you make it easy for yourself? We can use Eng lish-speaking prisoners. For in stance, we could let you live in Moscow, almost a free woman while you did broadcasting worl for us. Of course, we could use you for writing radio scripts or our propaganda programs. How about it?"

### I REFUSE COOPERATION

I told them that, in the first place, I had been sentenced contrary to all legal procedure without counsel, outside venue, and without assistance

A few weeks went by, and

yer. Dr. Vogel, who had helped After the sentencing, 1st Lieu- Francis Powers to win his freetenant "Bubi," my interroga- dam in exchange for Soviet spy tor at the German State Security, Rudolf Abell. But instead of be-Prison, and Major Turpylin, the ing allowed to see him, I was Soviet questioner, said, "Gabi, transferred to Halberstadt Penilet's have a chat." They took me tentiary, where approximately to the drab judges' chambers, 500 victims of Red police terror and suggested, each in his own are paying their "debt to Communist society.'

There were only mine women block where I was neight An hau stuck it in my arm, and threat been sentenced for espionage on behalf of the western Allied powers. I shared a cell with Kaethe Korb, formerly a translator for the Russians, who had been found guilty of working for the fect. After a while—still holding the arringe—I was led back to American Counter - Intelligence the syringe—I was led back to corp. My other cellmate was Dr. Rita Mansfield, a Russian-the instrument.

The next day, I was called enced to life imprisonment for into the warden's office. He working in favor of the West said: "Prisoner Hammerstein. German Intelligence Service.

I was taken back to the State Security interrogation central where the Germans had "processed" me for my trial. Marks (officially equal to \$15). Cell mate had been removed it the meantime, and I was left alone. The only contact I had with others was the "prison telegraph," by which I exchanged brief messages with Jean Loby another American awaiting trial He had helped a few friends of the had helped a few frien I was taken back to the State all the East German "Handels-didn't take it, so I punched him

authorities.

No luck. 'So I decided to hat she was well. I was relieved 'make things tough' for my to hear this. aptors. One day, when I was aken to the prison dentist's of attitude," the prison authorities notice the theft. Later, when to press for transfer to a prison

we were being "walked" in the n the maximum-security cell-ward, I pulled out the syringe, block where I was held. All had stuck it in my arm, and threat-

let me give you a lecture." And SUPPORT OTHER PRISONERS then he proceeded to tell me all them their suggestion was ridiculous, and that I refused to even entertain any such thoughts For "work," which consisted of three rooms, in which we had to live—and work. In the stepped around his desk Both of them tried for a while testoring the seams in nylons, and backhanded me across the longer, and then departed.

and Red newspapers.

Ver arrived. Being an East German, he was, of course, powerstill demanded to see my law had been arrested by the Rustless to do anything about brusians, I claimed that I should ality. The only thing he counbe treated as an Allied citizen, seled me to do was "cooperate ind demanded a visit from U.S. more readily." He told me we had heàrd from my mother, and

ice, I snatched an injection made it "tough for me." So, yringe from a tray and con-rather than undergo any more cealed it in my uniform. No one of their roughing up, I decided

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GABRIELLE HAMMERSTEIN Finally Gains Freedom

hospital.

From talking to other inmates, I had learned that it best to become a "mental case," which is not infrequent, on account of with the inhuman treatment in East German penal institutions. "But you've got to fake 'paraget here."

So I became quietly, happily PRISON HOSPITAL "ga-ga." I started by simply Waldheim, a penitentiary with:

bodily hygiene.

nutritive deficiencies, combined trol to keep from flinching or versing their tactics—to get me crying out. But eventually, I to ask "for political asylum" in vakian border.

lapsing into long periods of si- a separate prison hospital, was lence, smiling to myself all the heaven compared with Halber handed to a U. S Military Mis-past 27 months. It had been time. Then, one night, I took stadt. We were still confined to sion representative. An Ameri-worth the pain, anguish and the garbage can in our cell and cells, but the treatment was that can car whisked me through the fear. Even though I myself banged it against the door, accorded sick patients. The food shricking with laughter, for was slightly better, even though loined us and we were flown I had deterred Red machinatwo hours or so. The guards had as throughout the East Ger joined us, and we were flown I had deterred Red machinaorders not to enter the cells dur-man economy- it suffered the to Frankfurt, where we boarded tions even a little, while they ing the night. So they just stood same fluctuations as the har- a U.S.-bound jet. outside, while my poor cell- vests on the collective farms. I mates held their ears. Then I had started to develop hunger- New York, I reflected on the deal. simply "let myself go." I re-edema and began to swell up

grotesquely. This condition remy captivity.

Meanwhile, my lawyer told me the U.S. Government was doing "everything possible to effect my release." I was skeptical, but hope began to glimmer anew. Then, in April, 1963, I was told my mother had come to see me. She arrived in Waldheim. and we were even allowed to embrace briefly. She whispered to me that, indeed, there was a chance for freedom.

From her first visit on, I was even allowed to write letters. By this time, I had allowed myself! to be "cured" to a degree, so that the East German doctors still felt I was "haftunfaehig." unable to be confined in a penitentiary.

In September, my mother was allowed to visit me once more. From her hopeful attitude, I knew that things were looking up. Another few months went by without further news. Then, in February, I was notified by my lawyer that I "might be released within a few months."

On March 24, the great day came. I was taken to Hohen schoenhausen near Berlin once more, where I had been "profused to eat, get up, keep up my cessed" for trial. But this time, I was lodged in a comfortable The prison nurse came and cell. My German and Russian tested my "catatonic state" by interrogators, Major Turpyliin sticking a long needle into my and Lieutenant "Bubi" visited thigh. It took all my self con- me. They tried—completely resucceeded. After some more East Germany or Russia. They: noia,' not 'schizophrenia,' " they transferred to Waldheim, near my returning to the West with had said. " 'Schizos' get electric Karl Marx City (formerly Chem-the wealth of information I had been seen than your contact that I just laughed in the contact that I beatings from the guards, I was obviously didn't like the idea of shock, and that's worse than you nitz), close to the Czechoslo gathered, but I just laughed in their face.

> The whole matter was back in the hands of the Soviets. I was

As our plane winged toward agents," lent meaning to my or-

were searching for any "paper

May 20, 1964